

# NEW YORK JOURNAL AND ADVERTISER.

W. R. HEARST.

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**WORK OF THE NEW JOURNALISM.**

The new journalism of action has cut such a wide swath of late in the affairs of New York that some of the representatives of the old journalism of talk have found it impossible to ignore its work, and have taken to sneering at it instead. They express the opinion that it is abusing the processes of the courts.

This opinion has a large and imposing backing. It is shared by most of the Aldermen of New York and Brooklyn, by a majority of the Bridge Trustees, by the gas monopolists, who would have had the perpetual control of lighting in this city if the Journal had not deprived them of it, by the capitalists who have lost \$5,000,000 worth of gas and electric light franchises in Brooklyn, by the directors of the Brooklyn trolley lines, and by—well, by Martin Thorn and Mrs. Mack.

But what would have happened if the Journal had leaned back in its chair in innocuous loquacity, like its esteemed but superannuated contemporaries?

The people of New York would have lost a lighting franchise worth \$10,000,000.

The people of Brooklyn would have lost similar franchises valued at \$5,000,000.

About six miles of roads and parkways in and near Pelham Bay Park would have been given away forever.

Something like forty miles of Brooklyn's streets would have been transferred to trolley companies to hold until the end of time.

The people who now drive over asphalt pavements on Fifth avenue would have had still to turn into other streets to escape the canyons excavated by Mr. Collis's favored contractors.

The death loop on the Bridge would have been finished, and every morning and evening would have seen a fight for life.

In view of these facts, the public in general is so far from being dissatisfied with the use of the machinery of the courts by the journalism of action that it welcomes the assurance that this use is to be extended and perpetuated. To-night's mass-meeting in Brooklyn will tell what the people think on this subject. We invite our respected contemporaries of the journalism of inaction and garrulity to attend and learn something about public opinion.

## PROCRUSTATION IS PERFDY.

The latest and most authoritative form which the reports of the President's purpose to delay action in the Cuban matter has taken is that Congress will be asked to consent to one year's delay, in order to test the ability of Spain to put the proposed reforms into effect, and to judge of the efficiency of those reforms. It is further reported that coupled with this request for delay will be a promise to notify Spain that unless the island is pacified within the year the United States will intervene by force. Mr. Dingley and Senator Allison are quoted as saying that Congress will agree to the President's plan for delay, and a dispatch to the Herald from Washington conveys the intelligence that the "President has assurances from the leaders of both houses of Congress that his suggestion for delay will be followed by the legislative branch of the Government."

Let us consider upon what grounds the President can possibly base his desire to put off for another twelvemonth the settlement of this Cuban question—a settlement upon which depend the lives of thousands of human beings and the property rights of American citizens to the amount of probably \$50,000,000.

Does he hope—or let us express it, expect—that Spain will pacify the island by force of arms within the prescribed period? What is there to warrant such an expectation? With the hope only of compelling their liberation through their own efforts the Cuban patriots have maintained their struggle for three years, and at the end are stronger than at the outset, after seeing Spain's legions melt away and the Spanish treasury bankrupted. As for the present force and vitality of the revolutionary cause, let this dispatch from yesterday's paper speak:

Washington, D. C., Dec. 3.—Consul General Lee has informed the State Department that the insurgents in Cuba elected and installed at Yaya Porto Principe, on Oct. 20, the following officers: President, Bartolo Masso; Vice President, Domingo Mendez Capote; Secretary of War, Jose B. Aleman; Secretary of the Treasury, Eusebio Font Sterling; Secretary of Foreign Affairs, Andres Moya de la Torre; Secretary of the Interior, Manuel R. Silva; General-in-Chief, Maximo Gomez; Lieutenant General, Calixto Garcia.

If the patriots could accomplish such much with their own forces alone to rely on, how much more effectively can they wage a defensive war with the knowledge that at one year's end the strong arm of the United States will be stretched forth to carry their cause to certain triumph. Entrenched in the rocky fastnesses of the mountains they could wait until the time of the promised intervention approached, and then rally forth ready to wage war with redoubled vigor.

Or, perhaps, the President hopes that the pacification of Cuba will result from the putting into effect of the autonomous reforms suggested by Sagasta. But this hope is clearly futile. In the first place the Cuban Generals Gomez and Garcia have, by formal proclamation, declared that the Cubans will refuse autonomy and continue to fight for independence—which, by the way, the Republican party promised to aid them to secure. They declare, indeed, that any Cuban detected in treating with the Spaniards for the acceptance of autonomy will be treated as a spy. And they have reason for their irreconcilable attitude. Aside from the fact that Spanish promises are as valueless as the proverbial Indian flip, leaving out of consideration the extreme likelihood of the overthrow of the Sagasta Ministry before its propositions can be made effective, there remain irrefutable reasons why the so-called reforms would be worthless to Cuba. One-half of the upper house of the colonial legislature is to be appointed by the throne—hence royal influence could block any measure, however needful or wise. The Captain-General has authority to abolish at any time within his discretion the whole system of autonomy—a power which we may be sure he would promptly exercise if Spain's re-

views, or his perquisites, were imperilled. And finally the plan of autonomy is merely a ministerial decree, lacking the weight, authority and permanence of a royal statute.

Nothing in Spain's legislative or military situation gives the faintest reason to hope that at the end of a year there will be more peace than now, unless, indeed, the Cubans and the climate by then expel the Spaniards. And during that year men will be murdered, women and children starved, provinces laid waste, and American interests destroyed.

Procrastination now, Mr. President, is perfidy.

## "MOTHER MCKINLEY."

In the domestic affliction which threatens him, President McKinley will have the profound sympathy of the whole country. The tender attachment between him and his venerable mother has been in itself evidence of sterling qualities of manhood, and it was observed by the famous Dutch artist, Hubert Vos, who painted her portrait, that the strong points in his character were derived from her.

It was doubtless the crowning happiness of her life, when nearing the age of ninety, to be present at the inauguration of her son as President of the United States, and no small share of his satisfaction in attaining that high distinction seemed to be due to her motherly pride. This affords a view of the amiable side of the life of a successful public man, and shows once more how much of his success may be due to his mother.

The interest which Mrs. McKinley showed in the Cuban maiden who was rescued from a Spanish prison in Havana revealed a strong sympathy for the cause of freedom and human rights which may yet find exemplification in the official conduct of her son toward an infant nation struggling for its life.

## A STRUGGLE IN KENTUCKY.

The nation took a certain chivalric interest, of course, in the very lively contest between two ambitious Kentucky maidens for the honor of christening the battle ship which is to be named after that bacchanal State. One derived her title from ex-Secretary Herbert, the other was the daughter of Governor Bradley. Naturally the protégée of the statesman in office won. Officialism re-enforced by nepotism is inviolable in the Republican party.

But in defeat the Democratic girl, Miss Richardson, is still triumphant. For she it was who insisted that a battle ship named Kentucky could only be properly christened by smashing a bottle of Blue Grass whiskey over the prow. Miss Bradley, being of Republican, and therefore aristocratic ideas, preferred the traditional champagne. We will admit, at the risk of offending both fair contestants, that the nation was more interested in the contents of the bottle than in the identity of the smasher. Comparatively few of our population in these hard times are acquainted with the glories of champagne, yet fewer still are favored with Miss Bradley's acquaintance. Miss Richardson's personal circle may be large, but think of the multitudes who have a more than speaking acquaintance with Kentucky bourbon! Truly it was the battle of the beverages rather than the strife of the ladies that engaged the attention of the nation.

And herein Miss Richardson has won. Though her rival—mean, hateful thing—will christen the ship, the bottle sacrificed will hold the product of Kentucky's most famous stills, and it won't have to be hypocritically mashed under the name of "navy sherry" either.

Saving only the matronly quality, Miss Richardson exhibits many of the noble characteristics of the Kentucky matron who, dispatching her son to college, tearfully adjured him to "Beware, beware of the wine cup, and, like his fathers before him, prudently confine his draughts to the best Kentucky whiskey."

## EUROPEAN MORALITY IN CHINA.

When Japan obtained from China the cession of the Liaotung Peninsula as part of the spoil of war, Germany, Russia and France interfered to deprive her of that booty. They compelled her to be satisfied with a money indemnity and the island of Formosa, on the ground that it would not do to have any part of the mainland of China taken. Now Germany has planted herself on that mainland, without the excuse of a war, and has given every indication of an intention to remain there permanently.

Naturally this proceeding has agitated the other members of the European Property Defence League. The Russian papers protest against the robbery of China as likely to injure Russia, and declare that the Russian Government ought to demand the evacuation of Chinese territory by the Germans, "or else obtain an equivalent." In other words, they sternly refuse to permit a pocket to be picked in their presence unless they can pick another. Observing these preparations for the extension of the sphere of Christian civilization in China, the Japanese are concentrating fifty thousand men in Formosa, and meanwhile Europe unites in sternly reprobating the arrogant rapacity of the Americans in questioning Spain's right to starve 300,000 people to death in Cuba.

## ZOLA TO THE AID OF DREYFUS.

It is not surprising that M. Zola has determined to take up the systematic study of the Dreyfus case, though it is to demonstrate the innocence of the exiled captain rather than to gather literary material that he undertakes the task. This curious, scandalous and pathetic romance shows that the intriguing, venal and passionate Paris of Balzac and of Zola still exists.

The young officer, rich, well connected, newly wed, is convicted of selling his country's military secrets for an enemy's gold. During his exile his wife works to prove his innocence, at first quietly, then almost fiercely, until her supplications are heard by the frozen Neva and the yellow Tiber. Disgrace hangs about her and her family. A cousin kills himself and his whole household to escape contumely. By-and-by men's minds begin to quicken and sympathy is aroused. It is remembered that Dreyfus was of Jewish blood, and was condemned when the crusade against the Jews was fiercest. It is recalled that he was tried in "secret instruction," without counsel and not even confronted with the proofs of his guilt. As the wife and the new friends she made daily pursue their investigations—boring with the patience of moles into official

archives, family papers, and social annals—they come across suggestive clues. One leads to the gang of journalistic blackmailers who hounded Max Lebaudy to his grave. Another ends with the discovery of incriminating letters in the handwriting of Count Esterhazy, an illegitimate son, who explains all by mysterious references to a veiled lady and a packet of letters, and clinches his explanation by several challenges to duels. How admirably French it all is!

No wonder Zola, for his part, is going to burrow into this mass of mystery and intrigue. That he does it to demonstrate the innocence of Dreyfus, of which he is already morally convinced, does credit to his heart, and shows him to be animated by the chivalric spirit of the new journalism. And if at the end he shall make a book out of it all, so much the better. Enough has come of the Dreyfus case already to show that the great realist never over-drew his pictures of Paris.

## BISMARCK IN CONVULSIONS.

The American people will not be greatly disturbed by Prince Bismarck's pronouncement against "American arrogance," as illustrated in the Haytian case. It is not at all likely that Bismarck has been taken into the confidence of the German Government. Hence he does not know what diplomatic representations our Government has made, and therefore he is denouncing us, after the usual European fashion, for something that he is merely guessing we have done.

The truth is that Bismarck has lost all the weight he once had in political affairs. He has degenerated into a licensed crank—a sort of sublimated George Francis Train. It is lucky for Germany that the Emperor got rid of him in time. Between the youthful War Lord and the senile Bismarck the country would have been likely to get into serious trouble.

Nobody in America is excited about the Haytian incident. It is evidently an affair that is in process of amicable settlement among the governments concerned, and there is no occasion for Prince Bismarck to lose his head. Somebody might be unlucky enough to find it.

## THE BUSINESS OUTLOOK.

The commercial agencies' reports of the state of business last week are in the main encouraging. Stocks are stronger, the market yesterday being buoyant. Railway stocks, under the influence of increasing shipments, are steadily rising. Average earnings for American railways are 20.9 per cent higher this year than last. Foreign buying of stocks, however, is still light.

The monthly report of failures made by R. G. Dun & Co. for November is disappointing. November's defaulted liabilities this year are \$11,610,155, or only \$1,100,000 less than for the same month last year. It is explained, however, that this results from three large failures not due to present conditions. Nor is the money market pleasing, at least to bankers, for at all money centres the accumulation of long exchange is considerable—in New York it is estimated at \$12,000,000. The demand for commercial loans is light.

In trade and industry conditions are fairly favorable. Boston boot and shoe dealers report an increase for November over November, 1892, of 35 per cent. The wool market is exceedingly active, though cotton is stagnant, with low prices and few orders. In the iron and woollen trades a healthier tone is shown by the voluntary increase of the wages of over 30,000 workers.

It is the practice of the commercial agencies to make their comparisons of this year's figures with those of 1892—that being the last of the nominally prosperous years. The objection to this practice is that it leaves as an unconsidered factor the growth of the population in five years. Yet it is fairly reasonable, and the November comparison shows that if the nation has not regained prosperity at a bound, it at least has not retrograded.

The fact that thirty "sardine" canneries in Maine have closed because of a scarcity of herrings suggests that a shortage in the cotton crop might seriously interfere with our importations of pure olive oil.

Republican Congressmen agree that a general bankruptcy law will be one of the most important duties of this Winter's session. And just as property is restored!

By promptly denying the Cabinet rumor concerning himself Judge Day shows a disposition to steer clear of the Joseph Choate habit.

Mr. Motor Keely has finally been compelled to resort to the air ship method of getting his name into the newspapers.

## Corporate Jobbery in Brooklyn.

The newspapers of the day appear to be more than mere purveyors of the news, they are guardians of the rights of the people, and the more newspapers of enterprise like the Journal the better for the common people. You gentlemen of the press do not yet know the true lawlessness of this Brooklyn grab. Here was a Mayor and Corporation Counsel with a pet franchise scheme before the Common Council, and when a brief was presented to that body three weeks ago, pointing out that section 73 of the new charter forbade the granting of franchises, they were told by these wise men and their friends that section 73 had no binding force. The Aldermanic jobbers took the hint and said: "Mr. Mayor, we have a few little jobs we want to put through, and when franchises for streets desirable for surface railways have been approved by you, and the right to open streets and plant poles everywhere has been extended to our friends, you shall have your tunnel and elevated railway franchise for your friends." Thus the Republican Aldermanic jobbers play their little game with the other Republican jobbers, who have for two years past brought disgrace upon Brooklyn and compelled thousands of honest Republicans to unite with Democrats in saying that Tammany rule is far better than Republican misrule.

Never has a city been so preyed upon by corporate jobbers, and the disgrace is more humiliating when it is observed that with few exceptions the corporate jobbers are church officers or Sunday-school teachers.

Go on in your good work, and the people you are serving will sustain you.

Brooklyn, Dec. 2, 1897.

## WHAT IS A MUGWUMP?

The Synonymy of Conscientious Voter.

To the Editor of the Journal: If not too late, here is my definition of mugwump. Despite the mountains and historic associations "mugwump" is the synonymy of "conscientious voter." He is the black beast of the corrupt political party; the nightmare of the bosses; his temptation is to quit his party when that party quits his principles, which proceed from his heart, not alone from his head. This tendency has a salutary effect on the politician—his head, as that potentate can ill afford to go to a good character from his flock. The mugwump is the saint of the political universe; in other words, the conscience.

Praise the Lord I am a mugwump, and I pray that I may never degenerate into a partisan. I vote the Democratic ticket because it is the cleanest.

No. 109 Gerken Building, New York.

## Number Six Head, Number Eight Hat.

To the Editor of the Journal: A man who has a number six head and imagines he wears a number eight hat. Could you purchase him for what he is worth and sell him to a trust at what he thinks he is worth, the speculator would be a regular Klondike. We have quite a number of such in Washington, Dec. 1.

## One Who Follows Convictions.

To the Editor of the Journal: A mugwump, so called, is one who has the courage of his convictions, and acts accordingly.

New York, Dec. 1.

## Waiting for Weyler in Antiquated Corunna.

CORUNNA, Nov. 17.—This pretty little seaport, where three delegations of Spanish patriots are to-day awaiting the arrival of the steamer *Montserat*, bringing the former Captain-General of Cuba, has—I am assured by the late Budecker—a population of 42,000, which supports fifteen churches, four newspapers, three hotels, one bull ring, one lighthouse, one monument to Sir John Moore and one bath-tub. Save for the electric light and an occasional steam locomotive Corunna is, however, back in the fifteenth or sixteenth century for all practical purposes, wherefore it is quaint, picturesque and interesting. An omnibus drawn by two cows may not be as rapid a means of travel as a cable car or the elevated railroad, and a train of five donkeys carrying panniers loaded with merchandise and guided by an old woman in a red skirt and purple hood seated on the rear elevation of the last donkey, means, perhaps, a slower process of distributing freight than a modern express

wagon, but these circumstances are not keeping anybody in Corunna awake nights. One of the most extraordinary social upheavals that has occurred in Corunna of recent years is the visit of the trainload of politicians who arrived from Madrid last evening and are waiting to see for the favor of the deposed Butcher-General when the *Montserat* shall come into port. This influx has more than filled the three hotels, so that members of the Cortes and high officers of the army have been compelled to pass the night in cot beds, three and four in a room. To-day these great men are paying assiduous attention to General Weyler's son, who has also come to Corunna to visit his father. Young Weyler, who is about nineteen or twenty, and a good-looking enough youth, is a lieutenant of cavalry in the Spanish army, and though he is 500 miles away from his horse, he never ventures into the street without his boots and spurs. The spectacle of this youngster in his bright blue uniform trotting the thoroughfares with a line of gray-bearded and dignified courtiers in his train, interests the natives of Corunna.

The natives themselves are of more interest, however. From my window in the principal hotel, which has no carpets, on the floors and is called the *Ferro-Corunna*, probably because it is only a couple of miles from a railroad, I have a view of the Plaza Marina, the public square and the principal street, the Calle Real. The diligencia from Carballo and Puenteceso has just rolled up to the door, drawn by five mules and four horses, and the passengers are climbing down from the top by a ladder brought out by the porter. The vehicle is named "El Vencedor," or "the Victor," and is a magnificent one of wood and iron, having covered the thirty miles between Puenteceso and Corunna in twenty-four hours. Two mules are the wheelers, three mules march abreast are the middle link of the team, and the leaders are four horses abreast, the outside animal on the left hand side being ridden by a postillion in a red cap. Horses and mules are covered with jingling bells. The diligencia is a two-story affair, the roof having a leather hood, which brings the top up some fifteen feet above the ground. One of the passengers is a calf with its legs tied together that is afflicted with nostalgia and mentions it frequently. The calf is in the custody of a brawny and gorgeously attired peasant

woman, who walks off toward the market place with the unfortunate beast under her arm.

The Calle Real, meanwhile, is a scene for a kodacker. On the corner a knot of small boys are lazily calling the Madrid newspapers of two days ago, but I have got to see anybody buy one after watching for an hour. The omnipresent crippled beggars of Spain, to the number of half a dozen, are listlessly plying their vocation at the doors of the Cafe Suizo y Oriental, immediately opposite, among the gentlemen

original positions. He also told me that his cook, who was sent out for a quart of milk one evening, started home, carrying the pail on her head, according to the Spanish custom, and stopping in at two or three side doors on the way obtained a jug, came home and went to bed with the pail of milk still on her head and arose with the receptacle in the same position in the morning, which was only learned by the family when the fact was discovered that the cream had risen on the milk side-way.

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## Mark Twain's New Book.

FROM the title that Mark Twain has bestowed upon his new book—"Following the Equator"—the reader is not to imagine that the author pursued the equinoctial line around the globe after the fashion of a bicyclist riding the slot of a cable track. The name is a daring bit of geographical license, but Mark Twain has never been slavishly subservient to facts. He crossed the equator four times on his trip around the world, observed on the first occasion that it resembled a blue ribbon stretched across the ocean, and noticed several passengers snapping it with kodaks, and that was sufficient basis for a title.

It was the original intention to call the book "The Surprising, Innocent Abroad," and that would have suggested at once the resemblances and the differences between the latest and the earliest work of the author. The peculiar charm of "The Innocent Abroad" lay in the crisp freshness of the impressions produced by an old civilization upon a young, vigorous and frankly unlearned mind. Those impressions can never be repeated. Mark Twain has been a diligent student during the past thirty years—he has become deeply versed in history and literature; he has mastered foreign tongues to such a degree that he is able to reform the German language; he has been almost everywhere, seen almost everything and talked with almost everybody. Hence the naïveté of thirty years ago is irrefragably gone. The Innocent who asked indignantly who the Renaissance was, and where he got permission to fill the Venetian Republic with his execrable dubs, is no more. In his place we have an acute, observant, broadly cultivated man of the world, for whom there are few really startling surprises left.

It was inevitable that with this development Mark Twain's work should grow in seriousness. It was never that of a mere jester—the very earliest of it, even in the pre-Innocent days on the Pacific coast, contained much genuine philosophy and eloquent description—but in all the later books, from "The Prince and the Pauper" to "Joan of Arc," the serious purpose has become steadily more apparent. It is conspicuous in "Following the Equator," where the things that kindle sympathy or induce reflection divide attention on equal terms with those that move to laughter.

And yet there is no lack of humor, of the genuine, old-fashioned Mark Twain brand. Take this little colloquy, for instance, with a native Christian applicant for service in India:

How did you get your English; is it an acquirement, or just a gift of God?

Yes; he very good. Christian god very good. Hindoo god very good, too. Two million Hindoo god, one Christian god—make two million and one. All mine; two million and one god. I got a plenty. Sometime I pray all time at those, keep it up, go all time every day; give something at shrine, all good for me, and the better man; good for me, good for my family, dam good.

And there is the thrilling account of the miracle by which the author won "the enormous reputation among all the theatrical people from the Atlantic to the Pacific of being the only man in history who had ever run the blockade of Augustin Daly's back door. There is much valuable military information in connection with the Jameson raid, including an exposition of the principles of strategy and tactics that would have altered the course of history if it had been accessible to the invaders before their disaster. Mark Twain speaks in this matter as an expert:

I served two weeks in the beginning of our civil war, and during all that time commanded a battery of infantry composed of twelve men. General Grant knew the history of my campaign, for I told him. I also told him the principle upon which I had conducted it; which was, to fire the enemy. I tried out and disqualified many battalions, yet never had a casualty myself nor lost a man. I was not very good in giving compliments, yet he said frankly that if I had conducted the whole war much bloodshed would have been spared, and that what the army might have lost through the inspiring results of collision in the field would have been amply made up by the liberalizing influence of travel.

By a scientific mathematical analysis of the returns the author shows that the criticisms on the Johannesburgers for not reinforcing Jameson are unjust, since nothing that could have been done would have been of any use:

In twenty-one hours of industrious fighting Jameson's 500 men, with 8 Maxims, 3 cannon and 145,000 rounds of ammunition, killed an aggregate of 1 Boer. These statistics show that a reinforcement of 200 Johannesburgers, armed merely with muskets, would have killed, at the outside, a little over a half of another Boer. This would not have saved the day. It would not even have seriously affected the general result. The figures show clearly, and with mathematical violence, that the only way to save Jameson or even give him a fair and equal chance with the enemy, was for Johannesburg to send him 250 Maxims, 90 cannon, 600 carloads of ammunition and 240,000 men. Johannesburg was not in a position to do this. Johannesburg has been called very hard names for not reinforcing Jameson. But in every instance (all has been done by two classes of people—people who do not read history, and people who like to hear who do not understand what it means after they have read it.

One more specimen and the sampling must stop. The class in sheep shearing at an Australian agricultural college is having a clinic:

"The sheep was seized and flung down on its side and held there. The students took to their coats with great celerity and adroitness. Sometimes they clipped off a sample, and then they gave him a fair and equal chance with the enemy, was for Johannesburg to send him 250 Maxims, 90 cannon, 600 carloads of ammunition and 240,000 men. Johannesburg was not in a position to do this. Johannesburg has been called very hard names for not reinforcing Jameson. But in every instance (all has been done by two classes of people—people who do not read history, and people who like to hear who do not understand what it means after they have read it.

The journey described in "Following the Equator" is a tour of the world, from South Africa—all virgin ground to Mark Twain. The result is a book full of novel material, and consequently full of varied and interesting. There is humor in it, but sympathy, and philosophy, and even information.

"Following the Equator" is issued by the old publishers of the "Innocent"—the American Publishing Company, of Hartford—and in every respect, except the proofreading, is exceptionally dressed. It is crowded with illustrations by Dan Beard, A. B. Frost, B. W. Chidister, Frederick Dieblum, Peter Newell, F. M. Seiner, T. J. Foster, C. E. Warren, A. G. R. Hart, F. Berkeley Smith and C. Allan Gilbert, as well as with reproductions of photographs. SAMUEL L. MOFFETT.

## WEATHER—

Snow or rain

during the

day; fair and

colder at

night; north-

east winds, be-

coming high.